

Bar Code Scan

By

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FADE IN

INT: Grocery Store - Night.

Standing in the frozen foods aisle, DOC, LOADER, and MUSCLE. Three Silicon Valley coder/hacker types. All with backpacks and pulling carry-on luggage.

DOC

Come on. Could we please just . . .
get a frozen burrito or something?

LOADER

There's food at the hotel. There's food
at the opening banquet. Which we're missing.

MUSCLE

I want food in my room. I get hungry at night.

LOADER

You're fuckin' huge, Dude.

DOC

Frozen pizza? Quiche? How about a family size
Lasagna?

Muscle pulls a five-pack of burritos from the freezer.

DOC

Very nice. Can we go to the conference now?

They head up the aisle. Loader and Doc in the lead.

Muscle stops, grabs something else from the freezer.

LOADER

Oh! Look-it! Hot Pockets!

DOC

Are you serious?

LOADER

I haven't had those in years.

DOC

Do you go to the grocery store? Ever?

Loader grabs a box of Hot Pockets.

DOC

Unbelievable. Do you . . . Oh, what
the hell.

Doc opens one of the freezer cases. He pulls two boxes of
mini pizzas from the fog.

MUSCLE

Can we go now? Put up with this
little detour. All I wanna do is
get to the conference.

DOC

You . . . ? I swear to god.

LOADER

Bamanos por la subway.

Doc and Muscle glare at Loader.

LOADER

What? I'm learning Spanish.

DOC

No. You're not.

MUSCLE

You're such a fuckin' geek.

LOADER

We're all fuckin' geeks.

MUSCLE

This is true. Can we go now?

INT: Grocery Store - Night.

The "12 Items or Less" check-out line.

CUSTOMER #1 waits for the CHECKER. Muscle, Loader and Doc
are next in line. Behind them are a SKATER KID and a YOUNG
WOMAN. All impatient.

CHECKER

That'll be seventeen eighty-seven.

Customer #1 pulls a check book from his pocket.

CUSTOMER #1

Uh. Got a pen?

CHECKER

I . . . hang on . . . here.

All stare in wonder as Customer #1 writes.

SKATER KID

No shit?

Customer #1 hands over the check. The Checker attempts to run the check through the scanner and fails. Again. And again. The Checker studies the check for a moment. The Checker hands the check back to Customer #1.

CHECKER

Uh, I think you wrote over the routing number. It won't scan.

CUSTOMER #1

Oh, okay.

As Customer #1 writes another check, the others groan, shuffle, roll their eyes.

CUSTOMER #1

Uhm, oh. That won't work. Hang on a sec.

He scratches over the check with his pen and turns to the next check.

SKATER KID

What the fuck?

Muscle shoves past Customer #1.

CUSTOMER #1

Hey! What? I mean, come on.

Muscle stops, turns, glares. Swiftly he reaches out, grabs Customer #1 by the back of the neck and slams him, face down into the counter.

CHECKER

Oh, my god!

With Customer #1 pinned to the counter, Muscle grabs Customer #1's wallet and tosses it to Loader.

LOADER

What the hell?

MUSCLE

Bip `em.

LOADER

Bip -

DOC

OH! That is SO cool!

Doc sets a high-tech backpack on the conveyor, opening it to reveal medical equipment.

LOADER

You've got to be kidding!

MUSCLE

Bip. Him.

DOC

Do it. Data!

LOADER

You can't just . . . Oh, hell.

Loader swings his backpack onto the counter, pulls out a laptop, cables it to the Card Swipe on the register.

Customer #1 struggles.

MUSCLE

Quit squirming.

Loader pulls credit cards from the wallet and runs them through the card swipe.

CHECKER

Should I, uh, should I call security?

Data appears on the laptop screen.

MUSCLE

Do you have security?

YOUNG WOMAN

Could you open another register? Please?

Doc swabs down a deadly looking silver pneumatic syringe.

SKATER KID

Shit. That is hella nasty lookin'.

CUSTOMER #1

MANAGER!! I want a manager!!

MUSCLE

A little faster, please.

LOADER

Workin on it. Chip, please.

Loader slides credit cards through the scanner. Doc fumbles through compartments, pulling out a small plastic box holding an SD card. He slips the card into a slot in the side of Loader's laptop.

DOC

Go.

LOADER.

Uploading.

Doc holds the syringe ready.

LOADER

Whoops. Bank Routing Number?

Muscle grabs the checkbook off the counter.

MUSCLE

Seven. Nine. One. Seven. Eight.
Four. Eight. Seven.

LOADER

Got it.

Loader taps the side of the laptop. The SD Card pops out.
He hands it to Doc.

Doc lays the card back into its plastic case.

The head of the pneumatic syringe moves over the SD card.
Reaching the center of the SD Card . . .

. . . we hear a SUCKING noise.

The center of the card, gold, the size of the head of a
pin, sucks up into the syringe.

DOC

Ready.

Loader moves to Customer #1. Loader and Muscle stand
Customer #1 up and turn him toward Doc.

Doc swabs Customer #1's forehead.

CUSTOMER #1

Oh my god. Please don't! Please don't shoot!

Doc places the point of the syringe at CUSTOMER #1's
forehead.

DOC

Prep the area before I shoot you?

Doc pulls the trigger. SOUND: Pneumatic "Puff".

CUSTOMER #1

What the -

DOC

What kind of gang behavior would
that be? Done!

Muscle shoves Customer #1's face over the bar code scanner
on the counter.

Sound: BEEP!

MECHANICAL VOICE

Thank you. Your card has been
. . . accepted.

The others, including the Checker, applaud.

FADE OUT